

D 526

.2

.W49

Copy 1

The Drive of St. Mihiel.....



Harold P. Wilder, Author and Publisher

1921

FIFTH DIVISION EDITION





The Drive of St. Mihiel



“Lest We Forget”

Copyrighted 1921,
By HAROLD P. WILDER.



HAROLD P. WILDER, *Author and Publisher*,
235 School St., Somerville, Mass.





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

1526
2
W49



JAN 21 1921

Price: Sixty-Five Cents.

Fowler Printing Co., 8 Marshall St., Somerville, Mass.





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

 INTRODUCTION. In the value of the eloquent quotation of "LEST WE FORGET," the scenes of the World War in which the mortal arms of American Soldiery brought victory home to one hundred millions of American people, and with the devout patriotism always remaining in our hearts, sometimes stilled, but time and again quickened to action thru the reminiscences of something gone before, is the reason of publishing this book.

In a new way of literary expression and the high character of reading, which the American public in it's serious thought demands, the author of this book has endeavored to bring forth in the literary art of poetry such expression of the first great victorious offensive action of American arms in the World War; "*The Drive of St. Mihiel*," which the entire world can regard with literary esteem—Well done, Americans.

THE AUTHOR.





NOTES. The author, while a member of the A. E. F. had the good fortune through previous efforts in literature and news paperwriting to become a guest of the A. E. F. 3d. A. E. F. Press Special in a tour and inspection of the entire A. E. F. in France and Germany and into the British area of occupation, Cologne, Germany during the month of May, 1919. In the interest of the public service —By authority from General Pershing's Headquarters, G. H. Q., Chau-mont, France.

Believing honor above all things on earth, the author offers in this book only the truth of the subject. The only enlargement whatsoever is the literary style

The author does not take the subject from the aftermath of this individual conflict from hearsay, but was present and witnessed nearly all facts as portrayed in the entire battle.

In affectionate regard for all members of the Fifth Division, U. S. A., who elected me the first Massachusetts Secretary, Society of the Fifth Division, Veterans of the World War, I, with due appreciation for this honor, designate the first edition of this book as The Fifth Division Edition.

HAROLD PAUL WILDER.



THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

MIGHTY streams of laden vans
Along the broad highway,
Moving slowly thru the darkness,
Taking chances 'till the dawn of day.
Something great was planned,
A goal to find. So said the high command.
Watchword! ready, thru the night
Massed again for another fight.
The minutes passed ; the hour came—
A pause, and then the roar of fame :
A mighty din upon the wind
That made the forests reel—
In the drive of St. Mihiel !





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

IT was one A. M. September twelveth
And a thousand cannons roared;
They blazed away in the darkened night
Toward the fated Prussian hoard.
They deafened even the tongues of men
As they gave out loud commands ;
But they were the engines of warfare
Adhering to war's demands.
Theirs was the mission of carrying on—
Carrying on until early dawn,
'Till the infantry went over the top.
Hell let loose ! would they never stop ?
Nay, counter attack and duty too—
The gunners knew just what to do ;
Yes, and I know how they feel.
In the drive of St. Mihiel !





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

FROM above Verdun, down the lengthy front
 The battle raged it's dread desire,
Mighty flares that lit the skies
 As each bellowed rumble spoke with fire.
Not a thing could barely live at all
 As each shell shattered in it's fall
Wonderful woods and ploughed up plain
 Peppered; the Yanks were at it again!
Despite the camouflage and all,
 The foe could not conceal
In the drive of St Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

“**O**VER and at 'em the doughboys yelled,
And over they went and in spirit excelled
Clearing the dugouts smashing thru wire,
They were in glory, thru mud and mire.
Did a man delay there? No! not one—
Fighting like mad 'till the work was done.
Hither and tither o'er hill and dale,
Rattling their guns 'till it sounded like hail.
Resounding the echo in loud repeal;
So went the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

SCATTERED the foe if they lingered still,
Combated and driven by mighty will.
Driven east at a rapid pace
Changed the scenes from fight to chase.
Four weary years had the enemy held the field
Now turned and fled, once more to yield,
Swept by the tides of circumstance
They fought as men will for a final chance;
For the might of right was herald
Of the victors of the day,
On the page of history sets their seal
In the drive of St. Mihiel !





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

ANOTHER phase of the famous day
Was those tanks as they clattered on their way.
Rattling their guns at the frightened foe;
They are a great machine if they do run slow.
In and out and over each trench,
Ploughing their way thru wire fence.
They were fighting fiercely for the land of France
As over No Man's Land they danced.
Clearing the traps as they loomed in sight
Belching with fire all thru the fight.
A crown to him who mans the wheel
A crown to the man at the gun.
Fame to the noble beasts of steel,
As onward they fought the fight and won
In the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

LET a hush come over the scenes review,
Peace reigns for a certain gallant crew.
It was up by the famous Bois du Four—
They ran their steely beasts of war.
Sons of freedom, flowers of France:
Those noble young men were taking their chance.
Fate was against them, the beast struck a mine
Demolished it's frame in unknown design.
Beneath the grassy mound in uniform of blue,
Gone, tho' ne'er forgotten, fighters staunch and true.
Watched at night by the moonbeams dance
'Neath the starlit skies of France.
Ever in memory's beauteous thought.
Ever regarding just how they fought.
Glorious their name in valorous zeal
In the drive of St. Mihiel!



THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

ALL alone in the darkened night
 Fearless, steady, thru the fight.
Carrying orders to and fro,
 Scanning the path, the way to go.
The messenger on duty bound
 Flitting along without a sound.
Knowing of danger that lingers near
 Careful and watchful with eyes so clear.
Pondering on his final goal,
 Dodging shells to save his soul.
Mingling pride and gay delight
 As he dashed thru woods without a light.
Now and then a thought of home
 And the former woods he used to roam.
Sleepless, tired, yet at his best
 With official secrets in his breast.
Clearly his vision of duty's demand,
 The whole of his being a Yankee brand
Proud of his service for freedom's land.
 A clinch to his fist as he swung his hand.
Straightway he entered a destined place,
 Delivered the papers with glowing face.
Service supreme of a soldier-real
 In the drive of St. Mihiel!



THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

IN the grumous trench worked land
The bombers enter with master hand.
Hurling grenades at every gap,
Vivid bursting and firey snap.
Thrust upon thrust with their strong right arm
Like the strength of Apollo, sure and calm.
Swiftly the missles fly thru the air
Forcing the Prussians to utter despair.
Down in the shelters they silently creep
Catching the foe in hollows—deep.
A marvelous task for a fighter to hold
Unmasking traps from camouflaged mold.
Clearing the way for troops to advance
There in that shattered sector of France.
Doing their bit in such fanciful weal
There, in the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

DASHING with speed thru the atmosphere,
Darting about as a foe drew near;
The birdman acts in his battle plane
Dauntless and eager in might and main.
More supple than bird as he flits thru space,
Wizard of wings in sensational race.
Climbing thru heights toward heaven's granduer.
Turning great circles at each searching tour.
Whirling about in spirally motion,
Charging the air with peculiar comotion.
Birds of a feather, eaglets of flights
Skimming along at tremendous heights.
Whirring their motors, echoing loud
As they dip behind a snowy cloud.
Enticing the enemy, slow to appear,
Then swiftly do battle as they draw near.
Risking their lives beneath the skies,
Bringing to earth their enemy prize.
A crown to him at the pilot's wheel
A crown to the man at the gun;
Eyes of the army every one
In the drive of St. Mihiell





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

AUTOCRACY crumbled before the assault
Of our forces which held no fault.
Straightway they hastened a rapid retreat
Harrassed by our men right at their feet.
Clearing the salient of all the foe,
Capturing thousands as they go.
Leaving behind their four years claim—
Americanism had made it's name!
Crushed by the strength of our fighting force
Behold their retreat on a homeward course!
Straight toward the famous gates of Metz
Defeated and broken and fleeing hence.
Two hundred and forty square miles of land
Delivered at last by our forceful demand.
Acres of wealth and forests supreme.
Hundreds of farms and many a stream.
Now once more 'neath the flag of France,
Freed from the hated Tyrants' lance.
Glory to God, the way we feel
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

CAMPED 'neath the brightly starlit sky
We laid to rest with a gentle sigh.
Tired and weary, but faces aglow
There on the fields as the soft winds blow.
Victory around us we fell asleep;
Into the oblivion of slumbers deep.
Forgetting the hardships and care and strife
That comprise a fighting man's strenuous life.
A satisfied mien all over our faces
As we slumbered on in our grassy places.
Dreaming sweet thoughts of that far off home
And those dearest friends we left alone.
Glad in our hearts that we stood the test,
Realizing in truth, we had done our best.
There was a scene, a picture—real
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

ALL awake close after dawn
On the bright and following morn.
Ready to start on the big advance
Over that former salient in France.
Over the shell torn, riddled roads
On, we proceeded with heavy loads.
Following up the defeated foe.
Ready to keep them on the go.
The masses making a great array
On the congested highway all the day.
A masterful thought forevermore
Of that great gathering machine of war.
Victorious, marvelous; the might of right—
Guardians of freedom from out the fight.
The army united, divisions secure
For liberty's purpose forever endure.
On the altar of fame shall be their seal
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

UTTERLY conquered on that battle field
No other course, but forced to yield.
The enemy failed in this attempt to score
A permanent place in this field of war.
Consequently armies just broke and fled
With stern commanders at their head.
Threatening Nancy? no—nevermore;
There, in place each conqueror.
Driving the foe to the Meurhet Moselle
Still within reach of shot and shell.
Slowly the enemy gave way 'neath advance
Gradually leaving the land of France.
Shattered, forlorn, in vain their attacks
Americans everywhere at their backs.
Quelling the force of a tyrant power.
Making the rescue in a decisive hour.
Crushing the tyrant fist of steel
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

LO, the tramp of thousands along the broad highways
Entering famous cities amid acclaim of praise.
Coming to enfold them 'neath the skies of France,
Under flags of freedom after our advance.
Into the famous city of Saint Mihiel
Long enslaved 'neath the serpents' heel.
Breaking the bond of the four years seal,
Freed by the turn of destiny's wheel.
Flowing the try-color to the breeze;
Welcoming the soldiers from over the seas.
Proclaiming the leaders men of the hour,
Clanging the bells from the old church tower.
More excellent spirit was ne'er displayed
As the columns passed as if on parade.
Triumphant, exultant, once more to be free
The city of France forever to be.
Chiming the bells as they loudly peal
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

INTO ancient St. Hilaire, pushing the forward line
Facing the Woevre valley just in time.
Southward the front to the river Moselle
Keeping the foe under fire of shell.
Northward, the line advancing Etain
Making a margin of goodly gain.
Bombarding the enemy seat of war,
Driving them back to their very door.
Making their forces in utter disorder
Fall back in retreat toward their own border.
Threatening Metz from the south and west;
The enemy failing at every test.
Massing their reserves without avail,
Cutting them off from supply and rail.
Conquering Mars and his fist of steel
After the drive of St. Mihiel!





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

YOU know we Yanks stormed old Mihiel
For many miles around!
We kept the ball arolling good
Until the goal we found!
We kept adriving at the foe
And always had them on the go.
We were out to fight and win
And make the enemy lines grow thin.
To drive them from the seat of war!
To down the Kaiser for evermore!
To smash the lines of Hindenburg
And force him from the field;
Breaking all records in making speed.
O'ercoming the foe as we took the lead.
From out the salient, victors all!
Forcing the enemy to the wall.
A milestone bright in the world's great war.
An achievement of fame evermore;
For the master stroke of zeal
In the drive of St. Mihiel!



THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

THE great Red Cross on a field of white.
A glorious emblem when'ere a fight.
A service so noble, so high, so dear;
The call of it's arm so pure and clear.
Gentle, it's work in the field of battle,
Tho' cannons roar and machine guns rattle.
Bearing the wounded one by one.
Doing their duty without a gun.
Helping a soul where'ere they can—
A living Christ to the heart of man.
Doing a kind deed, acting a part,
Theirs is a wonderful kind of art.
Doing the same for friend or foe,
Wonderful the seed they always sow.
They shall reap and ne'er conceal
The splendid deeds enacted
In the drive of St Mihiel!



THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

THE Salvation Army forever it's name.
The gift of it's service we'll always acclaim.
Angels of comfort with unceasing care—
For the fighters; they do and dare.
Passing a word of gladdening cheer,
Driving away all shadows of fear.
Keeping in style with merry smile
Just for the fighters all of the while.
Mighty, courageous without a doubt,
Driving dull care completely to rout.
Strong young women, girls, perchance,
Doing their work in the fields of France.
Spirit of our Democracy
On foreign fields for liberty.
Giving each man a fair helping hand.
They are a faithful and loyal band.
Serving the soldiers a good tasty meal
There, in the drive of St. Mihiel !





THE DRIVE OF ST. MIHIEL

UNDER the skies of azure blue.
Under the stars of France.
Under the sod and misty dew.
Under the sunbeam's glance;
The fallen heroes rest in peace
Their fame and valor never cease.
Calmly awaiting the trumpet call
And the roll of judgment day.
Sacrificed on the field of battle:
For the cause, they gave their lives away.
Answering the call of a patriot's heart.
Giving their all to do their part.
Forever their deeds in battle fame.
Forever be glory to their name.
Crusaders all from beyond the sea;
From the land of hope and the gallant free.
Oblivion shall never enshroud thy rest.
Memory ever shall make thee blest.
The roll of honor will hold thy name
In the land of Liberty, on the altar of fame.
E'erlasting the memory of your zeal
In the drive of St. Mihiel!





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 546 856 2